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WHEREFOR?

HE average citizen is staggered when he reads what the engineer and expert employed by the Special Committee on School Inquiry has to say about school buildings in New York The report is scathing, overwhelming.

Apparently the city school houses have hardly an excuse for exfitting. The plans are bad, the methods of ventilation altogether unentisfactory and unsanitary, the heating systems antiquated and wastethe fire protection so inadequate that not one of the fifty-six schools inspected by the expert is fireproof and many of them are actual firetraps, inspectors and supervisors are inefficient and too numerous, and architectural expenses and letting of electrical contracts are extravagant and improper.

Before such an indictment the average citizen, who cannot be wise in such matters, can only turn from the expert to the benches of authority and demand Why? The thing seems incredible. In the face of such conditions a request to the Aldermen to authorize the spending of \$10,000 to test improvements in ventilation and heating sounds like mere trifling.

What is the matter with New York's schools? If even the buildings are so unspeakably bad, what is the recent exhaustive investigation of the whole system going to reveal?

DON'T MIND THE TROUBLE.

ANY must have read with approval and indignation the action of two women who jumped from their automobile, wrenched a whip from the hand of a driver who was cruelly beating a team of quivering, heat-worn horses, had him arrested and then willingly took the trouble to appear against him in court. The insolence of the man, who swore and puffed cigarette smoke into the women's faces, made one glad that he couldn't pay the \$10 fine and was therefore locked up. It is a pity he could not have had a sound thrashing before the police got him.

The man who lashes his horses as they struggle over the scorching pavements of the sunbaked streets is as contemptible a brute as the city holds. No inconvenience or natural shrinking from publicity should deter any one from turning the offending scoundrel over to the police and making sure that he gets all the law can give him.

TIMES CHANGE.

THE much heralded Elizabethan Triumphal Pageant in London though a hit with the dukes and duchesses who paraded therein, seems to have played to empty benches so far as the public was concerned. The \$200,000 advance sale of seats was a little arrangement of the press agent with himself.

This is not much like London celebrations of the Great Queen's memory in earlier days, when we are told that on one occasion "'tis modestly computed that in the whole progress there could not be fewer than two hundred thousand spectators," and that at the climax of the epectacle the populace put up "such a prodigious shout that *twee believed the echo, by continued reverberations before it ceased reached Scotland, France and even Rome itself, damping them all with a dreadful astonishment"(!)

Nowadays the famous monarchs of old must needs be with the homage of society costume parties.

ULY 13, 1808, was the famous Hot Wednesday in England, con cerning which we are gravely informed that "two thermometers, the one made by Ramsden and the other by Cary, were observed at noon and were found to record 90 degrees in the shade. Remembering that the average heat winter and summer of the West Indieabout 82 degrees, it is not surprising that men fainted and horse and other animals died under the pressure of a temperature so unusual in England as eight degrees above this amount."

And after a dissertation on the difficulty of getting reliable thermometer readings, we are warned that "old newspaper statements or such matters must be received with caution, though there is no reason to doubt that the Hot Wednesday of 1808 was really a very formid-

All that fues over 90 degrees!

HEN the Third Party was born last Thursday afternoon on the twenty-fourth floor of the Metropolitan Building we hope the nurses remembered the old superstition that the new child, when it first leaves the room where it was born, must go upstairs before it goes downstairs, otherwise it will never rise in the world. When the child was born in the garret the nurse used to step up in a chair with the infant in her arms before she left the room What a fine omen to have carried those swaddled resolutions clean to the top of the Metropolitan tower!

Letters From the People

Chances in Engineering! advise a young man if mining engineering to a good trade to learn and if so

Meaning of "I. E." K. DONOVAN.

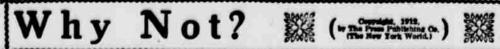
"Id out," meaning "that is."

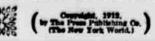
Wives and Pockets.

works in Scotland) on drawing his pay Editor of The Evening World:

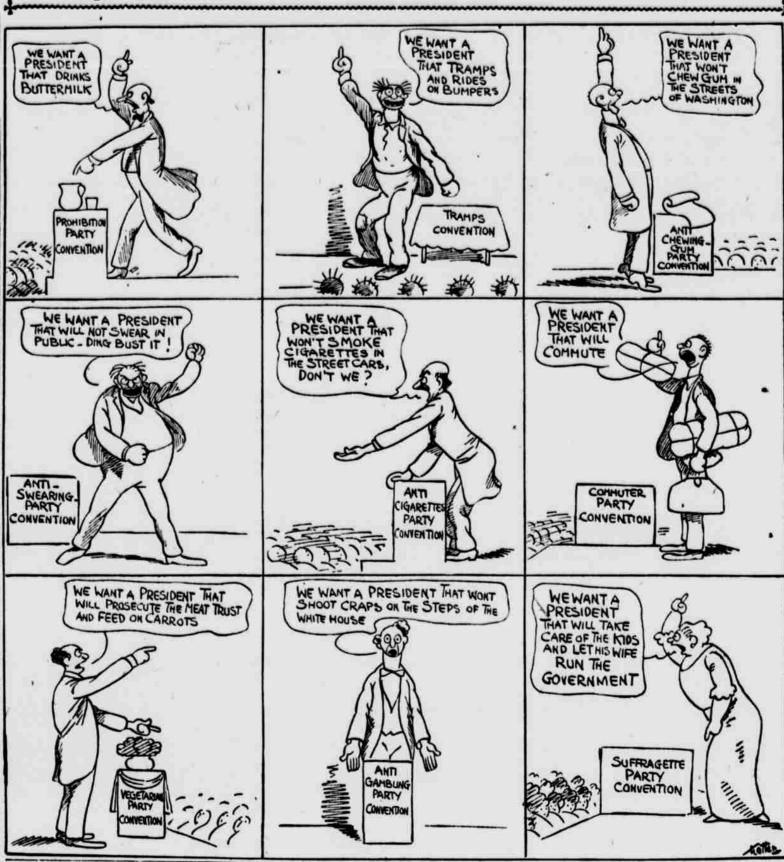
some reader who knows kindly repaired to a public house and spent much of his money with boon companions in getting drunk, after which he ing is a good trade to learn and if so would stagger home. His good wife what is the course of study and what would put him to bed, and go through his pockets, take out all the gold and put back loose silver. When he awoke in the morning he was ashamed to Editor of The Evening World: in the morning he was ashamed to make explain the meaning of letleft for expenses. This went on for They stand for the Latin phrase several years. One day he came home and told his good wife in doleful tones he had lost his job. "Well," said she, "I think we can stand it for a while." To the Editor of The Evening World:

If read, some time ago, an editorial "What do you mean?" said he. "Well, of yours about wives and their hus- I have \$1,700 in the bank of your own pockets. I offer the following money." She then explained all to him. illustration of how going They invested the amount in building through hubby's pockets has proved two brick dwelling houses. After that geous to both parties. I can he had sense enough to give her his ch for its truth. A man (by occu-carnings after starting to work again,





By Maurice Ketten



66 I WONDER where would be a nice

place to go on our vacation,

said Mrs. Jarr, "The Stryvers re going to Maine. They say that

"Not for me if the Stryvers are there,"

"Maine is a big State," ventured Mrs.

"It isn't big enough to hold me and

"Oh, don't blame the Stryvers!" cried

Mrs. Jarr. "It has just occurred to me

why you object to going to Maine-

"Yes, that is one great drawback,"

prefer to stay in the temperate sone,

"The Thousand Islands are delight-

ful," ventured Mrs. Jarr. "Everybody

You can rave about the thousand other

"Oh, I might know you'd object to

A Costly Error.

Why are you so glum?"

"A friend of mine said to me "Hot

who has been there raves over them."

dmitted Mr. Jarr. "There is too much ! ard drinking in a Prohibition State. I

he Stryvers," replied Mr. Jarr.

Maine is a Prohibition State!"

Maine is delightful in summer.

Clara Mudridge-Smith is going to the White Mountains or the Sulphur Springs was the reply. or the Rockies she hasn't just decided." City," said Mr. Jarr.

Mrs. Jarr Makes Nice Vacation Plans, But Cruel Mr. Jarr Unmakes Them

that was only for a trip. She so I could hunt big game."
t count that as going anywhere." "And so I couldn't go along, or the doesn't count that as going anywhere,"

"Buffalo Bill invited me to come out

brass buttins rushed down to the car,

felt flerce about it, 'cause I certainly did look the fancy family all right, but

"An' the next day I says to him, Your

he turned around an' we beat it back.

whatever on me!

The Conquests Of Constance 9.—THE CHAUF-Bu Alma Woodward

Copyright, 1912 by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

HE lobby was filled with a busy me to death to go fer a ride. "It's no joke the way cats how and and ever increasing throng of "So one night he goes up to a garage make the night hideous in this part of

their annual New eight thousand dollar car what be-Constance eyed cago for two days, an' we go whizzing

turned to me. on 'em ain't much to think it wouldn't take such a much

"They are not my rave, then," said b'lleve in wasting the gas to heat trons, the time out on the Island. Let's be in "Can't you suggest a place?"

Mr. Jarr. "If I'm to rave about islands but they got good hearts. Y'know if the pudding once instead of bein' the I'll rave about two-Glen and Coney. you could just peel the varnish off one sauce. An' he says, 'I got ye, Myrtle.' grand man!"

"Yes, but it can't be did, can it?" "Hardly," I granted. Constance released a plug and halled I felt that Lillian Russell had nothin' a boy who was listlessly paging a man

whose name defied analysis. "Go out an' tell one of the chauf- shaw in red takes a squint at Archibald. th' inflammatory rheumatics, wants to good enough he trains a pocket flash week to go out to the Rockies and go for a ride with a couple o' blankets on him (right in the nese too-so im-

seed of my palmleaf fan.

"Ye-eh. Can you distance it? Aw, dinners served downstairs. Price, one out she's eighty, poor old girl' Gee!"— dollar.' An' he says, 'Just 'round the for a month or two like other people,"
The exclamation was so fervid and curve you'll find th' entrance to the whimpered Mrs. Jarr. "The Stryvers so sudden I looked up quickly in alarm. cellar." Approaching the switchboard was a "Y'see, them guys has all the chautchauffeur in livery. He glanced once feurs what was ever hatched on their at the Phone Maid, then wheeled about Visitin' list an' you can't fool 'em. So uddenly and disappeared.

I says very cool, "We will go back to Jarr, "and the further away they go "Coward!" breathed Constance, curl-

"The ninth lemon!" she answered con-"I was dead gone on him for six days, then the end come sudden an' joy rides is all to the merry, Archibald, unexpected, like a letter from abroad! but when you can't take a perfect lady "Yes. I sin't seen him fer three to dimy places 'cause they got your gest you give me ten cents to get down months. They put him on another finger prints, it's pretty bad. I sin't town, and I'll try to figure out how to stand then, but I guess he must be back never et in a cellar yet, an' I don't exon th' job here now. When I first mat pect to. So tie your number to another him I fell for his make-up. T'know, skirt, sonny. I guess I'll stick to the enough for-?' and I left him without them black leather leggings give him B. R. T.! listening to the rest of the old a swell shape, I must say, even now wheeze. And now I find he said 'Hot when I've shook him! He made a play when he seen me-his feelin's wuz they ough for a drink? I'll blow you." for me that wus immense. Bothered hurt!"

so selfish! All they think of is going "I thought she'd gone to Atlantie to his place in Wyoming," mused Mr. somewhere that it would be impossible lity," said Mr. Jarr. "But I think I'll wait till winter; for their wives to accompany them."

"Well, if a man is going for recreanountain umils where her life would be in danger of bears and mountain you know," Mr. Jarr explained.

"You'd make a fine hunter of bear scornfully. "Why, you can't hit a car with a boot at twenty yards! "I could, but I'm too kind-hearted. I

shoo the cat away, but don't try to hit him to boot," said Mr. Jarr. "Joke." Mrs. Jarr only scoffed:
"It's no joke the way cats howl and

Southern and Western buyers, on where he's got friends and he cops a town, when one can't get to sleep for them and the baking heat!" "We must be careful not to molest any

longs to a man who has went to Chitame creatures. The S. P. C. A. will get the unpressed- out over Long Island in the moonlight, after us if we do!" cautioned Mr. Jarr trousered multi- Gee! It was immense! An' coming "Look how they arrested an exhibitor of tude and wearly back we stops an has a glass o beer, trained fleas at Asbury Park for un kindness to insects. And that reminds me. I saw Gertrude scattering roach powder in the kitchen. Better go in and to look at," she of a car to make me leave my happy gweep it up. If a roach dies we may be "I home! Then, one night, I says to him, arrested, too!

mean they ain't 'Say, Archibald, I guess I'll put on 'Oh, don't talk such foolishness when tail or's delights some billous clothes an' we'll stop at one I'm trying to find a place for us to go an' they don't of them REAL est-joints we pass all for a couple of weeks!" said Mrs. Jan "Anywhere will suit me except New

port. Newport is full of parvenus. of our New York Johnnies an' graft it "So I polished up my wardrobe an' "Do be serious! We must get awa onto one of them books you'd have a we made the start. We turned in at the SOMEWHERE. The Rangles are go swellest place on the map, an' as we ing to the Catskills. So that puts the rolled up under that thing what sticks Catskills out of the question." out over the road, an' a guy in red an'

"Why?" asked Mr. Jarr.
"Do you think I want to go any place the Rangles go to?" replied Mrs "Then, all on a sudden, the Hawk- go out to the Rockles?"
waw in red takes a squint at Archibald, "It would be fine," said Mr. Jarr.

an' just as if th' 'lectric lights ain't got two weeks vacation. It takes on him (right in the nese too—so im-increasing the perlite) an' pulls a card out o' his jeans five minutes to say 'Howdy-do Pike's an' on the card it says 'Chauffeurs' Peak. I'm busted!' "I don't see why we can't get awa;

> stay as long as they like." "They can stay as long as they like a

Jarr, "and the further away they go "Mrs. Hickett told me she went to Newfoundland one year and it was grand," said Mrs. Jarr. "What would

you suggest? Come, be precioal!" "All right," said Mr. Jarr. "Til sugmake enough money to take the family for a good long trolley ride some night

"That's - t all pe - say when "That's the reason he run just now! where," sighed Mrs. Jart.



the matter of women, as in the matter of food, most men prefer soft, sweet things, with a lot of fancy dressing, to plain solids.

White shoes under a hobble skirt are almost as obvious and perishable as the average summer love affair.

Happiness in marriage consists not in getting the man you want, but in getting the one who wants you. If you don't believe it, try being married to somebody who is not in love with you.

Don't try using your "gentle influence" in order to make your husband vote for your "candidate" in the coming campaign; try the "gentle threat that you will become a militant sufragette if he doesn't.

When a man takes time to propose to a girl artistically, nowadays, she feels almost as though she ought to pay him at the magazine rate of fice cents a word, out of pure gratitude.

Now is the time of the year when a backelor envies a married man his ability to talk to a pretty girl without suffering from the deadly four that she may have matrimonial designs upon him.

Only a weak man boasts of "resisting temptation." A strong man start even recognize a temptation if he happened to see one.

A man never doubts that a broken promise can be glued together with bisses or that a woman's shattered faith can be mended with soft soap,

"How I Write a Play"

Famous Dramatists Tell for the First Time The Methods by Which They Have Won Success

> Contright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). 7.-By William C. de Mille. Author of "The Woman," &c.

de was bappy Till the frog one day, for fun Said, 'Pray, which leg comes after which?' Which wrought his mind to such a pitch His lay distracted in the ditch

FIE mental condition of the historic centipede is closely alth to the dramatist who tries to answer the question 'How do you write a pla It is like asking a man "How do you get to the Flat Iron Build it all depends where he starts from; and each of the eight or ten plays for white

and then a plot which would develop

In another play I began with "time and place," and the second step was

character; the third, the climactic sitnation of the play; the fourth, working back from the end of Act III. to find the story which produced this climax. In still another play, I began with a struction which was published as a news item in a daily paper. This situation was again the last scene of the third act and the two preceding acts be found more or less by deduction.

WC DE MILLE

be treated differently, because its problems of construction are always different

from the dramatist's previous work, and demand new solutions. As a general rule, however, I work anywhere from six to eighteen months on the "scenario" or detailed outline of the play. This of course includes characterization, although there has not been a word of dialogue written. Once the construction is complete, and I can find no more "holes" in the

chain of cause and effect which makes the plot, when each character is logically accounted for and his actions the inevitable result of his nature working in the particular situation in which he finds himself, when no act he is called on to perform contradicts his character as shown by his previous acts, then the play is practically finished, and the dialogue may be written in a few weeks. In fact the play doesn't really live until the characters have taken it out of

the dramatist's hands and begin to write it themselves; and the dramatist feels that he is simply taking dictation. Then when the manuscript is finally completed I am ready to begin to build

the play. The actual building of the play is done on the stage of the theatre and as soon as the play begins to appear in the concrete I begin to see some of its

weak points and try to strengthen them. For if I have learned anything, so far, it is that the play is the thing the audience sees. It is not a manuscript, but a physical, tangible thing which the

audience can only receive through its senses and not through a mental process. Therefore, once in the theatre, I begin all over again to build a play, of which the manuscript is only the blueprint. Sometimes great changes are required, sometimes only minor changes-but in every case, the actual work of utiding the play, in which the collaboration of the actors is a vital necessity, is

the real work of the dramatist. I fear I have not answered the question as to how I write a play, but an namer to that question can only be a rather confused recollection of a very intricate process which varies with each piece of work. If the question be put to me point blank, I suppose the only really truthful answer is "I don't know,"

The Day's Good Stories

Tight Fittings.

Entirely Too Fast.

Not Like Mother Made.

JOHNNY and his mother were dining with a friend, says Judge. The first course was chicken soup with maseroni in it. The hostess watched Johnny as he sat quietry gazing into his pirth. Finally she saked, "Why don't you rat your soup, Johnny?"

"I don't care for it, please, ma'am."

"But your mamma said you liked chicken soup."

"I do like mamma's chicken soup, but she don't

"How long have you been here?"
"Who, me?" she asked sweetly. here three weeks."
"Then," said Kahn, "you're not the one who took my onder. That one left before you come."

— Popular Magazine.

Fully Explained.

HAT is Boson coffee?" asked the tomer at the limith counter.
"It's the kind you put the come is first." answered the waiter zirl.
"But why is it called Boson roffee?"
"Because the cream is put in first."
"Yes, I know; but when a min criers Boson coffee, why do you put the cream in first? That's the question."
"Because he orders Boston coffee.

A Good Amendment.